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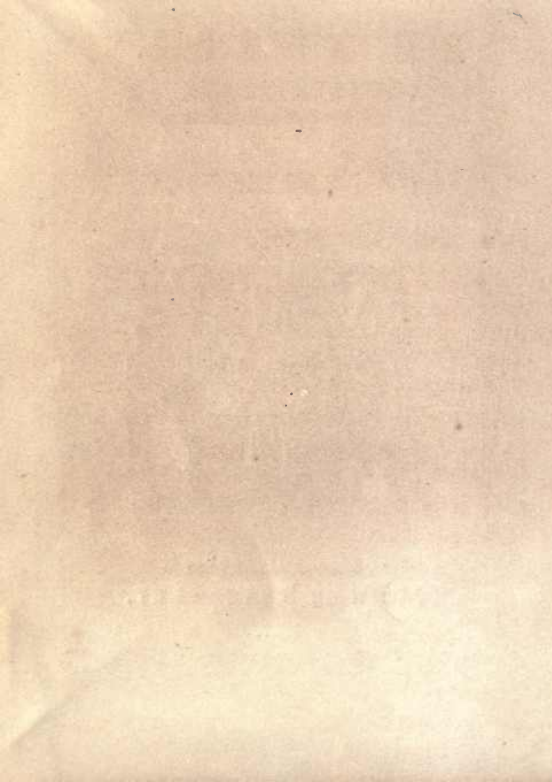
THE HENPECKED CANARY.

COUSIN CICELY'S
SILVER LAKE STORIES.



AUBURN AND BUFFALO:
JOHN E. BEARDSLEY.

1857.



THE J U M B L E;

A COLLECTION OF PIECES

IN PROSE AND RHYME,

FOR THE

SILVER LAKE STORIES.

With Illustrations.

BY COUSIN CICELY. *[pseud.]*

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD PORTFOLIO," ETC.

[Lorentz Lermont]

AUBURN AND ROCHESTER:
ALDEN AND BEARDSLEY.

1856.

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Preface.

TO MY DEAR LITTLE READERS,

You have all heard again and again the old saying that "you cannot have your cake and eat it too;" now I am going to prove that this old saying does not always hold good, by offering to my little readers a "Jumble" which they may devour as often as they please, and yet (if they use it with care) they will always find it ready to be devoured again. Too much cake is apt to injure little children, and to make them fretful and cross, but I hope that the "Jumble" I now offer them, will do them good, and make them determine always to be kind and obedient, truthful and honest, industrious and temperate; and I have only to add that with the blessing of God upon them, I hope all of my little readers may prove respectable and useful members of society.

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THE SILVER LAKE STORIES,

COMPRISING THE FOLLOWING VOLUMES.

I.—THE JUMBLE.

II.—THE OLD PORTFOLIO.

III.—THE GREEN SATCHEL.

IV.—THE CORNUCOPIA.

V.—AUNT PATTY'S MIRROR.

VI.—THE BUDGET.

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The Wax Doll.

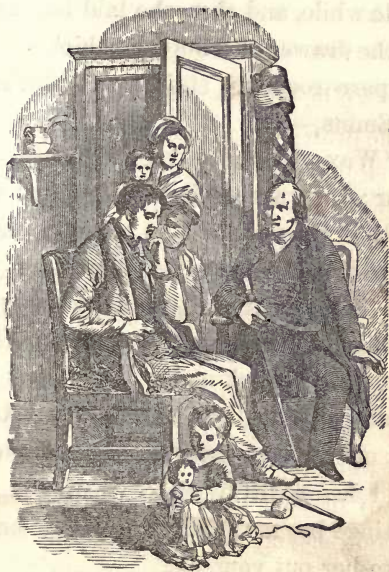
I WISH you could have seen the wax doll that was sent to Emma from the city. She was a perfect beauty! Her cheeks and lips were as red as roses, and her beautiful flaxen hair curled in ringlets around her lovely face, and down her white neck.

She had on an elegant blue dress, and brown morocco slippers, and a blue sash, and a string of beads around

her neck. But her eyes! oh! if you could have seen her eyes!

When she first came, Emma thought she had no eyes, for she only saw a sort of white film over the place where the eyes should be; but her mamma quietly put her hand up under the dress, and pulled a wire, and the beautiful bright blue eyes flew open so suddenly that Emma was frightened at first; but in a moment she jumped, and laughed, and clapped her hands, and was so delighted that her beautiful doll's eyes would open and shut.

Her mamma allowed her to take the doll in her hands, and look at it for a



EMMA'S WAX DOLL.

little while, and then she laid her away in the drawer of a bureau, which was in a spare room up stairs; and she said to Emma,—

“Wax dolls are very delicate, my dear; they are easily spoiled, and will melt if they are in too warm a place. Now I want you to see how long you can keep your doll, to show to your kind aunty, who sent her to you. When you want to look at her, or to show her to any of your little friends, I will take her out for you, and you may sometimes hold her a little while when you are sitting by me; but you must never take her out yourself.”

Emma promised that she would do as her mother said, and for many days she kept her word. When any of her little friends came to see the doll, she would run and ask her mother to please to take her out, and show her to them; and she was always delighted to see how astonished they were, when the doll's eyes opened and shut; for such a doll had never been seen in their village before.

One day Emma brought home from school a little girl, who had never yet seen the doll, and who was very anxious to see it; but her disappointment

was very great, when she found that her mother had just gone out.

"I am afraid I cannot show her to you, Kitty," said Emma, "for mamma says I must not take her out myself."

"But cannot we just go up in the room and look at her?" asked Kitty.

"Well, I don't suppose there would be any great harm in that," answered Emma.

So they went up to the spare room, and Emma opened the drawer a little way, for Kitty to peep in.

"Pull the drawer open a little wider, Emma, so that I can see her plainly."

So Emma drew it a little farther open.

"Oh, how lovely she is! Make her eyes open and shut, Emma."

So Emma pulled the wire, and Kitty said she had never seen anything so beautiful.

"Do just lift her out a minute, Emma, and let me see her curls behind," said Kitty.

Emma thought that would do no harm, so she lifted out the doll, and they turned her round and round, and examined her very carefully.

Pretty soon Kitty said, "Oh, Emma, it is so cold up here; let us take her down in the dining-room."

"Oh, no!" said Emma; "mamma

would be very angry; for she said I must never take her myself."

"But you *have* taken her, and you have not hurt her at all; and I think we can take just as good care of her as your mother does. Let us take her down for a few minutes at any rate; we can bring her back before your mother comes home."

Emma at length allowed herself to be persuaded by her little friend, and they took the beautiful doll down stairs. After they had played with her a little while, Kitty was sent for to go home; and just as Emma was preparing to take her dolly up stairs, she

heard some one coming into the room. In haste and fright, she threw the doll behind the stove, and covered her with a newspaper.

It was only Biddy who came in, but Emma did not dare to let Biddy see that she had brought down her doll. Biddy put several sticks of wood in the stove, and it soon began to be very hot.

Before Biddy left the room, Emma's mother came home, and called Emma to come up stairs with her, as she wanted to show her something she had bought for her. Emma obeyed, but she could take no pleasure in looking

at the beautiful new dress her mother had bought her, for she was all the time thinking of her beautiful wax doll, melting down behind the stove.

As soon as she could leave her mother's room, she hastened down stairs; the dining-room was very hot; the stove was red; she tore the newspaper from the doll. Oh! oh! what a sight! Eyes, cheeks, and lips, were all melted into one mass, and the soft wax had run down over the white neck, and mixed with the flaxen ringlets, and the lovely doll was ruined!

Oh, how Emma cried! But I need not tell you how badly she felt; any

little girl can tell how she would feel, if she had done as Emma did, and had been punished in the same manner. I know she thinks that she would need no other punishment than her own disappointment and mortification, and I believe Emma's mother thought she had suffered enough, without farther punishment.

The Hens' Convention.

THE hens in a farmer's yard one day,
After holding a hen's-rights convention,
Came up to the Rooster in solemn array,
Having chosen as speaker old fat Mother Gray,
To make known their united intention.

Then old Mother Gray came and took the barn-floor,
And thus she addressed the old Rooster,
(Who had taken his post on the open barn door;)
Having first cleared her throat with a hem and
a haw.

"I should like," she began, "to ask you, sir,



THE HEN'S CONVENTION.

“In the name of the hens black and white, brown
and gray,

If you know who the thief is that comes every
day,

And steals from our nest every egg that we lay
In the corners and lofts, in the grass and the hay,
And leaving but one takes the rest all away ?

“Now there’s old Mother White, who for some
days has tried

A beautiful pile of fine large eggs to hide,
Which she thought she had stowed very safely
away ;

But for her it unluckily happened to-day,
That while she was cackling, (as what hen does
not ?)

To tell that she’d added one more to the lot,
Some person came into the barn-yard and saw
Just where she had hid her eggs under the straw,

And the next thing she knows of her eggs she's
bereft,

And she finds that a *chalk one* is all that is left.

"Now this is a thing that no longer we'll bear,
And to-day we have met, sir, our mind to declare,
Which is this—that we all to the woods will re-
pair,

And we'll see if they'll follow and find our eggs
there ;

For as you will admit, sir, the thing is quite clear,
That no broods will be raised if we stay longer
here,

So to-night from the barn-yard we'll all disappear,
And *I'll lay* that we'll show some nice chickens
this year."

Said the Rooster, "I grieve, ma'am, to hear your
intention,

And if you'll excuse me, I just wish to mention,

That I've noticed the outrage and grieve for the
same ;

Still I think that the hens themselves only can
blame ;

For not one of you e'er can an egg lay in quiet,
But you set up a cackling and clucking and riot,
And thus you get punished you see for your
pride :

What you tell out yourselves you can ne'er hope
to hide."

At this every hen towards the old rooster springs ;
Such a rustling of feathers and shaking of wings,
Such cackling and screaming, and clucking and
rage,

You ne'er saw in a barn-yard before, I'll engage.
They told the old Rooster that "whene'er a *hen*
Made a cackling or clucking, you might be sure
then,

That she'd done a good thing; but could any one
say,
(Though they might hear *him* crow half a mile
any day)
That an egg he had ever been known once to
lay?"

The Rooster to make his voice heard tried in
vain,
Shut his eyes, clapped his wings, crowed again
and again,
But was forced to come down from his seat on
the door,
And (his crowing all hushed) take his place on
the floor.
Then out of the barn-yard they marched two and
two,
And he never presumed to cry "cock-doodle-
doo;"

But came meekly behind, with his feelings much
hurt,
And his tail, once his pride, dragging low in the
dirt.

To the woods the whole party in haste now re-
paired,
And while it was warm very nicely they fared ;
Still their feelings encountered some very rude
shocks,
For their eggs very often were sucked by the
fox ;
And one night he came slyly and carried away
Their friend and adviser old fat Mother Gray.

When the leaves were all scattered by autumn's
rude breeze,
And no roost could they find but the bare leaf-
less trees,

Oh, then they remembered the nice dainty fare,
And warm nests of the barn-yard, and wished
themselves there;
And soon they determined their steps to retrace,
And resume in the barn-yard their now vacant
place;
And the kindness which fed them so well every
day,
They would be very willing with eggs to repay,
So they begged of the Rooster to lead on the way.

When they drew near the farm and the barn
came in view,
He flew on the post, and cried "cock-doodle-do!"
And there they remain still for all I can say,
And the same kind of food receive day after
day;
And still they observe that as fast as they lay,
Their eggs as before are all taken away;

/

But this lesson I think they've been willing to
learn
That for kindness received they must make some
return.

The Broken China.

WHEN I was a little girl I lived in a very large city; but I always passed my summer vacation of six weeks at my aunt's beautiful place in the country. Oh! with how much delight I used to look forward to the time when I should leave the hot, dusty city, and go to the beautiful green fresh fields, and play beside the little stream which ran near my aunt's house; and

roam all day, without any thought of books, or work, or anything but play!

Oh! I used to have very merry happy times there, till one summer when I did something very wrong; and that one sin spoiled all my pleasure for months and years, and made me dread, rather than wish, to make my usual summer visit to the country. How much trouble one single sin will cause!

My aunt had no children of her own, but as she was very fond of children, she used to invite those of her friends to visit her; and sometimes two or three little girls besides myself, would be spending their vacations with her

at the same time. There was one dear little gentle girl named Alice, who was staying there with me one summer; she was a child of most lovely disposition, but very timid and fearful of being found fault with.

One afternoon it was raining very fast, and we were obliged to amuse ourselves in the house. After trying several other plays, we thought we would play blind-man's-buff. I should have mentioned that there was a girl a little older than myself, who lived with my aunt as a servant; her name was Sally. She was a very bright girl, and very amusing; but she was not so

good a girl as my aunt thought she was, as you will see before I have done with my story.

Sometimes when she had finished her work, she was allowed to play with us, and we were always very glad when this was the case. On the afternoon of which I have spoken, when it came Sally's turn to be blindfolded, she tied on the handkerchief herself, and then said she could not see anything, not even the light. But she flew around the room after us so fast, and took such good care not to hurt herself, that it was really wonderful to see her: but we did not think much of that;

for we thought Sally could do anything.

In a few minutes she had chased Alice and me into a corner, and just as she was going to lay her hand on me, I sprang from her, and unfortunately dashed against a little stand, on which was placed a very valuable set of china, which had been sent to my aunt from China. What was my horror when I heard a crash, and at the same moment saw the beautiful china set all shivered to atoms on the floor!

What was it that made me turn round and accuse poor little Alice of breaking the china? I had always



THE BROKEN CHINA.

been called a truthful little girl; I thought I was so; but I was frightened at having done such serious mischief; I saw that Sally's eyes were blindfolded, and I knew that little Alice would not dare to persist in denying what I said,

and then I thought, too, that as Alice was more of a stranger than I, my aunt would not reprove her as she would me.

All these things Satan put into my head, and I did not ask God to help me to drive them away. They passed through my head in a moment, and almost as soon as the china set was broken, I had turned to little Alice, and said,—

“Oh! Alice, see what you have done!”

I remember how her cheeks flushed, and her beautiful blue eyes opened with astonishment as she said—

“I, Lizzy? Why I was not near the table!”

Oh! if I had only acknowledged the truth even then; but I did not; I said,

“You broke it, Alice, and you *know* you did!”

Just then my aunt, who had heard the crash, came to the parlor door. She looked sad and displeased as she said,

“Oh, children, who has done this mischief?”

We were all silent.

“Lizzy,” said my aunt, “did I not hear you say that Alice broke the china?”

I said "Yes, ma'am;" but oh, how I wanted even then to confess the truth! But I was too proud to say that I had told a lie in throwing the blame on Alice.

"Alice," said my aunt, "did you break my beautiful things?"

Alice faintly said, "No, ma'am;" while her face was crimson, and the tears stood in her eyes.

"It is always best, dear, to tell the truth," said my aunt. "I am very, very sorry to lose my beautiful china, but I had rather lose a great many other valuable things, than to find out that one of my little friends would tell a

falsehood. I love good little girls, but I do not wish to have any little girls come to see me who will deceive me, and say what is not true."

Poor dear little Alice did not dare to say that I had told the lie, for she saw that my aunt would not believe her against me, but she looked into my face, oh! so imploringly, as much as to say, "*Do*, Lizzy, tell the truth, and save me from this disgrace."

But I did *not* speak the truth, and Alice, who was now unhappy with us, wrote to her father to come and take her home. I took care not to be alone with her before she left, but oh! how

her little pale sad face reproached me, and how my conscience kept saying to me, "Wicked, wicked girl!" I was not happy after that; I was very, very wretched, but I was to suffer yet more for my sin. One day, not long after Alice left, the girl Sally came to me and proposed that we should go up to the orchard and get some fine red apples, which grew on a particular tree. I told her that my uncle had said we must not take any of those apples, for he wished to save them all to put up in barrels for the winter. She continued to urge me to go, and when I still refused, she said:

“Ah, Miss Lizzy! I was not so blind as you thought I was the day you overturned the stand in the parlor; I saw it all; I saw you break the china set; and then you threw the blame on little Alice; now if you do not go with me to the orchard, I will tell your aunt the whole story.”

Oh, how frightened I was! And must I *steal* now, I thought, in order that the lie I have told may still be concealed? How much better would it have been for me if I had *even then* confessed the truth, than to have put myself in the power of this wicked girl!

But I went with her, I am ashamed to say, to the orchard, and we took some of the nice red apples, and though we were not found out, I had the sin of *stealing* as well as *lying* on my conscience, and I was very unhappy.

During the next winter, while my aunt was staying with us in the city, she took up a paper one day, and read in it the death of poor little Alice.

“Oh, how sorry I am!” said my mother. “She was a lovely child, she was so good.”

“I always thought so,” said my aunt, “till last summer, when she did something at my house, which convinced

me that she was not altogether truthful."

Oh, how I felt while my aunt was telling my mother the story, but they thought my tears were caused only by sorrow for the death of Alice.

When the next summer came, I did not want to go to the country, for I was afraid of Sally. I knew she would make me do wicked things, or bring out the story of my former wickedness. Oh, that falsehood! it took but a few moments to tell it, but it made me an unhappy little girl for years. Whenever I was at any place where I thought I should enjoy myself, the remembrance

of my sin, and of dear little Alice, would come in and destroy all my pleasure.

But I did not like to ask to be left at home, when the rest went to the country, for fear of the questions which might be asked me, and so I went summer after summer, and wretched enough I was.

At length, one afternoon, about three years after the china was broken, my aunt and several ladies who were staying with her having gone out to ride, I happened to go suddenly into a closet, where my aunt kept some of her nice things, and there I found

Sally, with a box of raisins which she had taken down from a high shelf; the box was open, and Sally was in the act of putting a handful of raisins into her pocket, when I opened the door.

“Oh, Sally, Sally!” I exclaimed, “what are you doing?”

Sally was frightened at first, and offered me part of the raisins if I would not tell of her. When I refused them, she became very angry, and said that if I told what she had been doing, she would tell about the broken china, and also how I helped her take the beautiful red apples, and several other things which she had made me do, which I

had much rather would not be made known.

But I would not take the raisins, or make her any promises. I was three years older now than when I had first put myself in the power of this wicked girl, and I determined that I would be ruled by her no longer. I would tell the whole truth, on the first opportunity, from first to last, no matter what they might think of me.

I dreaded it so much, however, that I put it off from one hour to another, hoping it might be easier. Several times I almost made up my mind to tell it all; but the words seemed to

stick in my throat, and I could not tell how to begin.

So things went on till the next day at dinner. A large company was seated around the table; and when the dessert was put on the table, my aunt said, "Ladies, I should like to have given you some raisins to eat with your nuts to-day, but I find that somebody has been at my raisin box, and carried them nearly all off, so that I have not enough left to put on a plate."

I glanced at Sally, but to my astonishment she looked just as usual, and went on quietly putting the things on

the table, without changing color at all; but she took very good care not to look towards me. As there was a pause in the conversation, I looked up, and happening to catch my aunt's eye, I turned very red, so that it seemed as if the blood would burst through my cheeks. Everybody looked at me, and I knew they all thought I had taken the raisins.

“Oh aunty! oh ladies!” I cried, “I did not take them, but I know who did, and I have been almost as wicked. I will come back and tell you all about it!” And I ran up to my room, and, bursting into tears, I threw myself on

my knees, and buried my face in the bed, and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Then I prayed to my Father in heaven to forgive all my sins, and as I prayed I grew more calm. In about an hour I went down stairs, and found the ladies all sitting round the fire in the dining-room. I took my seat on a little stool at my aunt's feet, and then, beginning at the day when the china was broken, I told them all that had happened. I did not attempt to excuse myself, or to lay any more blame on Sally than she deserved; but I told the whole truth, and they all believed

me ; and my aunt said though she was distressed to find how much I had done which was wrong, yet she thought I had suffered enough to make it a warning to me all my days.

But she told me that nothing would keep me from sin but the grace of God, and that I must always pray to Him for strength.

“But where is Sally?” asked my aunt. Sally had disappeared the moment she had left the dining-room, and we have never seen or heard of her since. In her haste she left her trunk just as it was, and on examining it, my aunt found there many valuable

things which she had missed, but which she had never suspected Sally of taking.

Little girl and little boy, let this story be a warning to you. Never try to conceal anything you have done, which is wrong. Confess it at once, and it will save you a great deal of sorrow, and perhaps a great deal more sin.

The Echo.

SEE that group of children playing
By the water, near the rock;
Hark! what is the echo saying?
How their tones it seems to mock!

Round and round in glee they play,
In a merry pleasant game;
Hark what does the echo say?
When they speak it says the same.

When they speak in gentle notes,
Gentle notes the echo makes;



THE ECHO.

But if angry words they speak,
Angry tones the echo takes.

From the echo in the rock
Let us now a lesson learn;
Human echoes also mock,
And our words and tones return.

If we wish to hear kind words,
Kind words we must always say,
Let no others e'er be heard
Lovely children in your play.

If 'tis true that answering echoes,
In our playmates' breasts are found,
Let us never make them give us
Any but a pleasant sound.

Oh, what peace in every nursery,
If the little echoes there
All had pleasant words to answer,
All had gentle tones to share !

If I only had a Saw.

“**W**HAT a wretched tumble-down old building, that is,” said one lady to another as they were visiting among the houses of the poor; “do you think it possible that any one can live there?”

“I should hardly think so, but we will see,” answered her companion.

The wretched old shed of which they spoke, overhung the lake, on whose

bank it stood, and seemed just ready to fall into the water. The door stood half open, and the snow was drifting into the lower part of the shed, which seemed to be too wretched a place for either man or beast to live in.

On looking round, the ladies perceived a sort of rude ladder, which led to a loft above; and hearing a slight noise, one of them called out, "Is there any person up there?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered a child's voice, and presently a little boy appeared at the head of the ladder.

"Is there any one up there with you?" asked one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am, I'm alone now. Michael has gone out."

"Who is Michael?"

"My brother, ma'am."

"Do you two boys live here all alone?"

"Yes, ma'am; we sleep here at night, and I stay here pretty much all the day."

"What have you to sleep on?"

"Some straw, ma'am."

"Nothing to cover you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Where do you get anything to eat?"

"I beg a bit from door to door, ma'am."

"And why do you stay up there in the dark and the cold, instead of going out with your brother?"

"Oh, I don't like to go out with Mike, ma'am."

"Why not?"

"I don't like to tell you, ma'am."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Frank, ma'am."

"Well, come home with me, Frank," said one of the ladies; and while poor little Frank is seated by her warm kitchen fire, eating some bread and meat, I will tell you something of the history of these two boys.

Their father had been an intemper-

ate and bad man ; and their mother, worn down by her efforts to keep her family fed and clothed, had sunk under the power of want and sickness, and with her young baby, had been buried a few weeks before our story commences. Not long after that, the father was found one morning frozen to death, having fallen as he was making his way home very much intoxicated.

The poor boys were now turned out from the wretched room where they had lodged with their father, and had taken refuge in the miserable shed where the kind ladies found them.

Mike, the oldest boy, slept on the

straw in the old shed at night, but all day he roamed about with a set of bad boys, who hung about taverns and groceries, and lounged about the railroad, and every day he grew more idle, and wicked, and wretched.

But little Frank remembered his poor mother's instructions, for she had always charged them to keep out of the way of bad boys, and never to lie, or steal, or say wicked words; and then she told them if they were industrious and temperate, they would be sure to get along, and make respectable men.

Poor little Frank tried to get a little

work to do, but very few would employ so small a boy, and when he came across the wicked set with whom his brother roamed the streets, they would tease him, and torment him, till he would retire to his little dark loft, and shiver there in the cold all day.

One cold day in January, a gentleman, who was sitting by the window of his parlor, saw a little poor boy standing on the sidewalk near him. He was watching a man who was sawing wood at a little distance from him. Every few moments, the little boy's lips would move, as if he was saying something to himself. The gentleman

who sat by the window had the curiosity to raise it a little, to hear what the little fellow was saying. The boy was quite near him, but his back was towards the gentleman, and he did not know that any one was listening to him.

The first thing the gentleman heard him say was, "Oh, I wish I had a saw!" In a moment or two he said, "Oh, if I only had a saw!" Then he stood still a moment, and looked up and down the street, and then, fixing his eyes upon the wood-sawyer, again he sighed, and exclaimed, "Oh! how I wish I could get a saw!"

Presently he cast his eyes upon the ground, and spied there a bright shining silver piece of money. He stooped and picked it up hastily, and a smile stole over his little thin sharp face; and he said, "I wonder if this would buy me a saw?"

The boy stood for some time with the bright piece of money in his hand; sometimes he would open his hand a little way and just look at the money and smile, and then shut his hand tight, as if he was afraid he should lose his new found treasure. After a few moments, a little girl came down the street; she had a basket on her arm,

and, as she walked slowly along, she looked on the ground, first on one side, and then on the other, as if she had lost something, and all the time she was wiping away her tears with her apron.

When she came near the little boy, still walking along slowly, and looking on the ground, and wiping away the tears, he said to her, "Little girl, have you lost anything?" "Oh, yes," said she, "I've lost a silver half-dollar." And she sobbed so she could scarcely speak. "Granny gave it to me," she continued, "to buy some bread, and she said I must bring back every cent

of the change, and she will whip me so for losing it."

"Is this your piece of money?" said the boy, showing it to her.

"Oh, yes," she answered, her face brightening in a moment; "where did you find it?"

"Just here," answered the boy.

"Then I must have dropped it out of my pocket when I tripped over this wood, and fell down," said the little girl. "Oh, thank you! thank you! I am so glad! Now granny won't whip me!"

The little boy looked pleased for a moment, for he had done a right action; but when he looked at the wood-saw-



IF I ONLY HAD A SAW.

yer again, a shade of sadness came over his face, and he said, "Oh, dear, I shall never be able to get a saw!" and he sat down on the stone door-step of the house.

"I must know more of that child," said the gentleman to himself, and closing the window gently, and stepping to the door, he tapped the boy on the shoulder and called him in.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Frank, sir."

"Ah, you must be the boy my wife has spoken of."

"Yes, sir, the lady here is very kind to me, and gives me cold bits."

“And why were you wishing for a saw, just now?”

The boy looked surprised that the gentleman knew his thoughts, for he did not know that he had spoken them aloud; but he answered,

“Oh, if I had a saw, sir, I could take care of myself, and I would not have to beg. There is many a poor person would give me wood to saw, because I would work cheaper than the men, but they have no saw themselves.”

“Well, Frank, what if I should buy you a saw, and let you pay for it as you can?”

“Oh, if you would be so kind, sir, I would be sure and pay you.”

Seeing that the child was very thinly clothed, the gentleman called his wife, who knew her little friend Frank, as soon as she saw him. He asked her if she could not find some clothes for Frank. She replied that she had given away almost everything, but she supposed she must give him a second-hand suit belonging to her oldest little boy, who was nearly the size of Frank.

That same evening the cook came up, and told the lady that a little boy wanted to speak to her. It was Frank again. Putting his hand in the pocket

of the pantaloons, he said, "I think you did not know, ma'am, that *this* was in it." And as he said so, he pulled out a shilling.

The lady praised him for his honesty, but told him he might keep the shilling, to help pay for the saw. Frank was now warmly clothed, and he carefully laid up all his money, and every second day he brought two or three shillings to the gentleman to pay for the saw. As he said, he got plenty of work, but then he could not work so fast as a man, and he got but little pay. It was not a great while, however, before he had paid for the saw;

but though the gentleman thought it best to take the money, he laid it all away for Frank's use at some future time.

About this time, the boy who had worked for this gentleman having turned out to be dishonest, he turned him away; and though Frank was not so large, yet as he was very industrious, and had proved himself to be strictly honest, this gentleman took him into his employment.

Here he lived happy and well cared for, for many years; he was taught to read and write well, and he also gained considerable knowledge of arithmetic; so that when George, his master's old-

est son, went into business in New York, he begged his father to let him take Frank to be his head clerk.

And where is Frank, now ? He is doing business for himself ; he is married to a respectable young woman, lives very comfortably, and is becoming a wealthy man. Whenever he sees a poor boy standing idle about the streets, he remembers the time when he stood before the gentleman's house, watching the wood-sawyer, and saying, "Oh, if I only had a saw !" and he always stops to say a word to the boy, and if he is willing to work, he finds employment for him.

And where is *Mike* now? Ah, Mike went on from bad to worse. He and some of his wicked companions were taken up for stealing, and sent to jail; after being there a few months, they came out much worse than they went in. Mike committed other crimes, and he is now in the state prison, and I shall not be much surprised to hear some day that he is told by a judge, that he must "hang by his neck till he is dead! dead! dead!"

Which is the best, boys, to be honest and industrious, or to be idle, dishonest, and wicked?

Which pays the best in the end?

The First Pocket.

WHY what in the world is the matter with Harry?

He seems so depressed and so silent to-day;

With his eyes full of tears, and his sweet face so
sorry,

While others around him are happy and gay,

Oh, what is the matter with Harry to-day?

Why the truth is, that Harry had got his *first*
pocket;

And what to put in it he scarcely could say;

To the closet he went (they'd forgotten to lock it),

And stole some large lumps of white sugar
away ;

Oh, Harry, pray what would your kind mother
say ?

Then out of the house Harry flew like a rocket,
And over the garden in haste his feet trod ;
With the sugar he stole safely hid in his pocket,
And he eat it behind a great pile of sod,
And nobody knew it but Harry and God !

But like all little boys, Harry had that within
him

Which filled him, when naughty, with sorrow
and shame ;

Which took from the treasure he stole all its
pleasure,

And made him so sad, can you tell me its name ?

It cried out every moment, "Shame, Harry
for shame !"

And it gave him no rest till he went to his mother,
And freely confessed all his wickedness there ;
She forgave him, but told him there still was
another,
To whom all his sin he must frankly declare,
One who never would turn from a little boy's
prayer.

Now little boys, take my advice, and don't mock
it,
Never steal from another so much as a pin,
And I beg of all mothers who make a *first pocket*,
To remember and have something nice to put in,
Lest their boys, like poor Harry, are tempted
to sin.

Little Annie's Prayer.

“**M**AMMA,” said little Annie, “did you not say that God will answer our prayers, and give us what we ask for?”

“Yes, dear, I said that God will hear the prayer of faith, that is, if we really believe that he is able and willing to give us what we ask for, then if he sees that it is best for us to have it, he will give it to us.”



LITTLE ANNIE'S PRAYER.

“But, mamma,” said Annie, the tears rolling down her cheeks, “you remember the few pretty beads that Aunt Ellen gave me ; well, I wanted some more, and I took the beads into a corner, and laid them down before me, and then I kneeled down, and prayed that God

would make them a *great pile of beads*; and I *really* believed he would. But when I opened my eyes he had not sent any more beads at all. Then I shut my eyes again, and prayed again, and I did so a great many times, and just see, mamma! he did not answer my prayer at all!"

Her mother smiled, and taking little Annie up in her lap, she said,

"You remember, darling, how our Saviour made the five loaves and two small fishes feed five thousand men?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, dear, that was a miracle. God does not work by miracles now;

he answers prayer in other ways, and often in a very different way from what we expect. Now I will tell you how God answered the prayer of a little boy of whom I read some time ago.

“He was a very poor little boy; his father was dead, and his mother was sick; and the family depended upon the work done by this little boy for their support.

One evening, after he had been out all day looking for work, without finding any, he returned to his mother's poor cottage, but he had nothing with him for his little brothers and sisters to eat. He shut the door, and kneel-

ing down, he clasped his hands and prayed :

“ ‘ Father in heaven, give us this day our daily bread !’

“ While he was yet kneeling, there was a knock at the door, and behold a kind lady had heard of their case, and had sent them a basket of provisions.

“ And the little boy said, ‘ See, mother, how God has answered my prayer !’ ”

“ Yes, I see now, mamma,” said Annie : “ if God had sent bread and meat down to them from heaven, it would have been a miracle ; and if God had sent the beads down to *me*, it would have been a miracle ; but I do wish he

would send some one to give me some more beads."

Her mother put her hand in her pocket, and gave her a few pennies, and little Annie went off perfectly satisfied.

The White Top-Knot.

WHITE Top-knot was the beauty
'Mid the chickens far and wide,
But, sorry am I to confess,
Her top-knot was her pride ;
And she scorned the other chickens,
And she held her head so high,
That if any of them spoke to her,
She passed them coldly by.

There was one wee little gray chick,
A homely thing was he,
But a kind obliging creature
As ever you did see ;

White Top-knot never noticed him,
Except by scornful look,
And by seizing every dainty bit
Thrown to him by the cook.

One day the rain in torrents,
Came pouring, pouring down,
And plashed the muddy water up
All over Top-knot's crown ;
And her feathers now all muddy,
Before her eyes hung low,
And she wandered blindly all alone,
Not knowing where to go.

Neither could Top-knot see one bit,
To pick up worms or corn,
And the chickens laughed to see her,
Whom she'd angered by her scorn ;

But when the little gray chick saw
Her sad and sorry plight,
He quickly ran to lend his aid
To set the matter right.

"Why what's the matter, Top-knot?
You're in a sorry case,
With your beautiful white feathers
All matted o'er your face;"
"Oh, come and help me, Gray Chick,
If there's aught that you can do,
I'm sure I would be glad to be
As ugly now as you."

Then Gray Chick kindly led her
To where a clear brook ran,
And when she'd dipped her head in,
He patiently began
To comb her feathers with his beak;
And when he this had done,

He bade her stand and shake her head
Just where the warm sun shone.

And Top-knot soon could see the light,
And now could find her food,
And she did not forget to thank
The little Gray Chick good ;
For she saw that what we most admire
May to our ruin tend,
And that the ugliest things may be
Most useful in the end.

Why is not Santa Claus God?

A QUESTION ACTUALLY ASKED BY A LITTLE CHILD.

“PAPA,” said a bright little boy one day,
As he jumped on his father’s knee,
“I’ve left my books and left my play,
To come and ask you one question, and pray,
Papa, do answer me.

“’Tis a thing that has troubled my head all day,
Whether out with the boys or alone,
I am *sure* that I often have heard you say
That there’s one God above to whom you pray,
And that there is *only* one.



THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

“And is it not so, Papa? please tell,
For I very much wish to know.”

“Be sure, my son, you remember well,
That one God above, in heaven doth dwell,
And he reigns o’er the earth below.”

“Well, I can’t understand it,” the little boy
sighed,

“And it puzzles my poor little head;
For there *must* be more than one, and beside
If old Effie says true, there *is*!” he cried.

“Well, tell me, my boy, what she said.”

“Why papa, I’ve been with her an hour or
more,

And such beautiful stories she tells
About Santa Claus and his sleigh and four,
And the loads of toys he has in store,
And his merry jingling bells.

“And he rides o’er the roofs with a skip and a bound,
And down every chimney he goes,
And wherever the *good children’s* stockings are found,
He brings down a load, and goes quietly round,
And stuffs them quite down to the toes.”

“And she says that if ever I’m cross and don’t mind,
Old Santa Claus all will know,
And that leaving the toys meant for me all behind,
To my poor empty stocking his eyes will be blind,
And away up the chimney he’ll go.

“Now please, papa, tell me, pray how can it be,
If he can go all abroad,

And over the land and over the sea,
And yet all the time can be *looking at me*,
Why Santa Claus is not God?"

"Ah, I see now the reason of all that you've said,
And I'm not much surprised at the cause
Of the trouble there's been in your poor little
head,
From the foolish stories you've heard and read
Of this wonderful Santa Claus.

"My boy, believe me, when I say to you,
That these stories all are made
By people who have nothing better to do
Than to tell children tales, not one word of them
true,
To please them or make them afraid."

"Then, Papa, no such being as Santa Claus lives,
And there is but one God after all?"

“Yes, my son, and ’tis he all your benefits gives,
And from him every being its mercies receives,
And he can look down upon all.

“He to one giveth life, and another he kills,
And he gives every creature his food ;
And to one the sad portion of sorrow he wills,
And the cup of another with pleasure he fills,
And he doth what to him seemeth good.

“Give your heart, then, to him, who gives you
life and breath,
Let him not give these blessings in vain,
And then in the hour of sickness and death,
You can look up with hope and rejoice, for he
saith
That your friend he will ever remain.”

Little Phebe and her Grandmother.

DOWN in a hollow by a brook, there stood a little red house, and in it lived an old woman and her little grand-daughter. They were very poor, but they were happy, for though they had to work hard, yet they went about their work with cheerful hearts, and they were always kind and affectionate to each other.

Little Phebe did all that she could



to help her poor old grandmother, and the old woman was never idle, I can assure you; but in all her spare moments, she was trying to make and mend for Phebe, so that she might be warm and decent.

When Christmas was coming, they did not forget it, for though the old woman was so poor that she could not afford to buy toys and candies for Phebe, yet she never forgot to have a Christmas present ready for her.

When Phebe got to be six years old, she thought she was old enough to make something for a Christmas present for her grandmother; and so they

were both very busy and very secret about their work. After Phebe had gone to bed at night, her grandmother would bring out some gay worsteds, with which she was knitting a beautiful warm tippet for her little granddaughter.

And whenever Phebe had a little time to herself, she climbed up the ladder to a little room in the loft, where she had a rag bag filled with bright pieces of flannel and worsted, and here she worked away very busily.

When Christmas morning came, Phebe was perfectly delighted with the beautiful gay tippet her grand-

mother gave her; and what do you think was the present she had ready for her grandmother?

You must not laugh when I tell you.

It was an *iron-holder*, made of bright pieces put together in quarters: it had cotton between, and was nicely bound round the edge; and the old lady thought it was beautiful; and was so pleased that her little grand-daughter had made it herself for her.

Among all the many Christmas presents which were given that day, I verily believe none gave more real pleasure than the gifts exchanged be-

tween little Phebe and her old grandmother.

It is not the *cost* of presents which makes them valuable, it is the love and kind feeling they show.

The Hen-pecked Canary.

A CHRISTMAS gift was sent to Mary
Of a pretty bright canary,
Wings of brown and breast of yellow,
Oh, he was a pretty fellow !

He was always singing, singing,
All day long his notes were ringing,
Long before the day was breaking,
He his music sweet was making.

Lovely songs his throat were filling,
Warbling sweetly, wildly trilling,

Oh ! 'twas a delight to Mary,
List'ning to her bright canary.

But his singing soon was over,
For one day he did discover
That another bright canary
Had been sent to little Mary.

Now this other birdie's throat
Could not raise a single note,
And with envy she was filled,
When she heard how sweet he trilled.

So whene'er our poor canary
Tried to sing a song to Mary,
Then he found how hard the fate
Of him who has an envious mate.

For whene'er his song began,
In a rage at him she ran,

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Picked the feathers from his head ;
What a life canary led !

When the warm days came in Spring,
Much canary longed to sing,
Till at last one sunny day,
To his joy he found a way.

How rejoiced was little Mary,
When again she heard canary ;
To the cage she ran in glee,
What did little Mary see ?

He was singing higher, higher,
With his head outside the wire,
While his mate in frantic rage,
Bustled round and round the cage.

Now I'm safe, canary said,
For you cannot peck my head ;

Now I'll sing, and all day long
You shall listen to my song."

Birdies who would seek a mate,
Warning from canary take ;
Hen-pecked ones who peace desire,
Put your heads outside the wire.

Is my Three Cent piece a Talent?

LITTLE Agnes Warner's father was a poor man. He worked at his trade for his daily bread, and little Agnes had none of those luxuries to which many of my little readers are accustomed.

When Christmas eve came, in some houses in the village long rows of stockings were hung up and filled with beautiful gifts, and toys, and candies;

in other houses there were Christmas trees lighted up with many wax tapers, and loaded with beautiful presents; while in other houses still Santa Claus himself, or an image made to represent him, with his back and his pockets loaded with toys and good things, stood ready to give up his treasures when they should be demanded of him.

But neither Christmas stockings nor Christmas trees, nor Santa Claus himself, appeared in Robert Warner's cottage; for he, poor man, had too many calls upon him for the money earned by his daily toil, to spend it upon

things not absolutely necessary for the comfort of his family.

His little children, however, were not forgotten, for when Christmas morning came, their mother gave to each of them a nice warm pair of mittens of her own knitting, and Robert gave each of them a bright new three cent piece.

The children were very happy, for it was not often that a piece of money, even so much as a penny, that they could call their own, came between their little fingers; and they were busily talking together as to what they

would do with their money when their father called them to prayers.

"I'll tell you what I mean to do," said little Robert; "I mean to spend one penny in candy, and one penny in raisins, and one penny in nuts."

"And I mean to buy a beautiful bright yellow orange," said Willie.

"And I think I shall get a string of beads," said little Emma, "if I can get a string for three cents. What are you going to do with your money, Agnes?"

"Oh, I don't know yet," said Agnes; "there are so many things I should like, that I have not made up my mind yet. Mother says we may all go down into



HOW TO SPEND THE MONEY.

the village after breakfast, and I will see then what I can get."

In the midst of this conversation, as

I said before, their father called them to prayers. The portion of Scripture which Robert read that morning was the parable of the *talents*, which you will find in the 25th chapter of Matthew. Our Lord Jesus Christ is there represented as a man going into a far country, who called together his servants, and gave each of them different talents to use in the best manner possible.

When he returned he called them before him to account to him for the manner in which they had used the talents he gave them. Those who had done well with them he rewarded, but

the man who had neglected his talent, or wasted it, he punished.

Robert Warner's children always listened very attentively when their father read in the Bible, for they knew he would close the book, and question them upon what he had read. After he had done so on Christmas morning, and in simple language had explained the parable, they all knelt, and Robert prayed to God that they might all improve well the talents he had given them.

While Agnes was eating her breakfast, her little brain was busy thinking, thinking, thinking, and she was all the

time asking herself this question, "Is my three cent piece a talent?"

"I do believe it *is* a talent," said Agnes to herself, as she ran up the steep narrow stairs to get her bonnet; "I do believe it is, because father said anything was a talent that we could do good with. Now I think I *might* do some good with my three cent piece. Let's see, what did the missionary who came here from China say? I forget exactly what; but I know I wondered to hear him tell how many pages of a tract or a bible could be printed for a penny. And I know my little testament only cost sixpence; so it must

be that my three cent piece would help a little; and if it would help, it would not be right for me to spend it in any other way.

“And then,” she continued, “if I am to give account to God for my talents, what could I say about my three cent piece if it had all gone for candies and such things? for I suppose if I *have* but few talents, I have no right to waste them. No,” said Agnes, laying down her bonnet, “I dare not spend it for candy, or nuts, or raisins; I must give an account for it, and into the missionary box it shall go.”

Agnes felt much more easy and hap-

py after her mind was made up, and I doubt not her little three cent piece was accepted by him, who received the poor widow's mite, and said she had given more than all the rich men who had cast their gifts into the treasury, because, like little Agnes, she had given her *all*.

How much good might be done in the world, if all the men and women, and all the little boys and girls, used their talents as well as little Agnes Warner used her three cent piece.

The Lady with a "Drop in her Eye."

MRS. Brown and Mrs. Green were once talking together about their mutual friend, Mrs. W——, who, it was feared, was falling into habits of intemperance. A little daughter of Mrs. Green's was listening earnestly to the conversation; and Mrs. Brown, wishing to caution her friend, said, "Take care, little pitchers have great ears."

They continued their conversation in a low tone, but presently little Fanny heard her mother say, "Mrs. W—— is a very pleasant woman, but there is no doubt that she sometimes has a drop in her eye;" by which she meant that she sometimes drank liquor, and became intoxicated.

The next time Mrs. W—— called to see Mrs. Green, little Fanny took her station opposite to her, and stared eagerly in her face. At length Mrs. W—— said to her, "My dear, why do you stare at me so?"

"Because," said little Fanny, "I heard my mamma and Mrs. Brown say

that you sometimes have a '*drop in your eye,*' and I want to see if it is there now." The lady was very angry of course, and immediately left the house, and never spoke to Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Green again.

People should remember that "little pitchers have great ears," and little pitchers should be careful how they use their mouths.

The Crow and the Titmouse.

A wee little titmouse sat perched on a bough,
When down close beside him there lit an old crow,
As dark and as black as the night was he,
And thus out he spoke to the wee chicakdee;

Quit, quit, little Tit,

Your chirping a bit,

And answer some questions to me,

Little Tit.

Now in the first place I should much like to know
If for aught you were made but for food to the
Crow;



'Tis absurd to suppose such a wee thing as you
Any good in this wide world of ours can do ;
 So call up your wit,
 You wee little Tit,
And say why you won't make me a nice dainty
 bit,
 Little Tit.

The crow looked so black, and he moved up so
 near,
That the heart of the titmouse went pit-pat with
 fear ;
But he thought if his time had come to go,
He would speak some plain truths to his cruel
 black foe ;
 So said he, " Old Crow,
 Don't all the birds know
What a wicked old fellow you are,
 Old Crow ?

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“I know, to be sure, I’m a wee little thing,
But God made me to play, and be cheerful, and
sing ;

And of some little use he has formed me to be,
For I eat up the worms that destroy herb and tree.

So ho, old Crow,

I’m of some use, I know ;

And now let us see what *you* do,

Old Crow.

“Why down you come in the farmer’s field,
When he’s scattered the seed which he hopes will
yield,

And you carry it off in your ravenous maw,
And away you fly with your caw, caw, caw !

So ho, old Crow,

Perhaps I don’t know

What a horrible thief you are,

Old Crow !

“ And down you swoop ’mid the farmer’s ricks,
And take off young turkeys, and goslings, and
chicks ;

Never heeding their pain, or their poor mother’s
fright,

But griping them close in your upward flight.

Ho, ho, old Crow,

So you see I know

What a murderous wretch you are,

Old Crow.

“ And more plain truths I can tell you too,
Like all other oppressors a coward are you,
For I’ve seen you make the best use of your wings,
At the sight of a bundle of ragged old things.

So so, old Crow,

You see I know,

What a silly old coward you are,

Old Crow !”

The crow turned blacker than ever, and flew
At the poor little titmouse to bite him in two ;
But just *then* came the sound of a crack and a
 bang,
And the old crow fell dead, and the chick-a-dee
 sang,

 Ho, ho, old Crow !

 Down, down you go ;

 May all tyrants come down like you,

 Old Crow !

NOTE.—Lest I should be supposed to have mistaken the *crow* for the *hawk*, I refer the reader to the New York State Natural History, where he will see that the *common crow* carries off and devours young turkeys, goslings, and chickens.

Little Bessie.

(A TEMPERANCE STORY IN RHYME.)

A LADY at her window sat,
And saw a little girl each day,
With ragged clothes and tattered hat,
Enter a shop across the way.

Beneath her arm she always held
An empty bottle when she came ;
But when she went away, 'twas filled
With that which causeth tears and shame.

For liquor there was to be sold,
And men were ruined every day ;



THE SICK FATHER.

And gave their clothes, and gave their gold,
And threw their priceless souls away.

The poor child came, and came again,
But well I recollect one day,
She with her bottle came in vain,
'Twas empty when she went away.

For as I guessed by her sad air,
The man the liquor did refuse ;
Soon she came back, her feet were bare,
And in her hand she held her shoes.

The lady took her hat and shawl,
And quickly went the child to meet ;
Determined that she'd stop her there,
And learn her story in the street.

But when she saw the lady pause,
As if she something had to say,

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She hid her bottle 'neath her shawl,
And tried to hurry on her way.

The lady gently said, "Pray stop,
My child, and truly tell me why
You come so often to this shop;
What is it that you come to buy?"

The child looked down and seemed distressed,
Then raised her head, and said, "I'd rather,
Lady, you'd let me quickly pass,
'Tis something I must take to father."

The lady said, with accents mild,
"Then come to me, my dear, to-morrow."
The voice of kindness touched the child,
She came, and told her tale of sorrow.

LADY.

Now tell me, child, why, every day,
You seek this shop across the way,

And why your clothes so ragged are ;
Have you no one for you to care ?

BESSIE.

Lady, I've begged from door to door,
'Till they are tired of seeing me come,
And tell me I shall have no more,
And roughly bid me to go home.

But tell me, tell me, lady kind,
What else but begging can I do ?
For father's sick, and mother's blind,
And cannot see to work and sew.

A little work sometimes she gets,
By which she may a trifle earn ;
Sometimes she for the neighbors knits,
And they do work for her in turn.

But then she never could teach me
To mend my own and brothers' clothes ;

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For I the oldest am of three,
And oh ! we suffer many woes !

And oftentimes we have no bread,
And little brothers cry for some,
But we must learn to do without,
Father, you know, *must* have the rum.

Once, lady, we'd a pleasant home,
And father then was good and kind ;
But since he took to drinking rum,
He beats us and our mother kind.

And all our furniture is gone,
And our nice house we had to leave ;
We've almost nothing to put on,
Our clothes for liquor we must give.

I tried to save poor Willie's shoes,
For they were very nice and stout,

And hid them safe till yesterday,
When father bade me bring them out.

But I took mine and gave the man,
He means, I know, to take our all,
For only yesterday he came
And took off mother's nice warm shawl.

And father now is very bad,
He screams and wakes us all at night;
Sometimes he says he's going mad,
And shrieks with terror and affright.

And horrid shapes come round his bed;
He says their burning eyeballs glare,
And bids me drive them from his head,
But *I* could never see them there.

Poor mother's heart is almost broke,
She can do naught but weep and sigh,

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And says that were it not for us,
She'd gladly lay her down and die.

"Bessie," the lady said, "if you
Will come to me each Sabbath day,
I'll take you to the Sabbath school;
You shall be taught to read and pray.

"And if to me each day you'll come,
I'll gladly teach you how to sew,
And make and mend for those at home,
That they no more may ragged go."

And Bessie now has learned to sew,
And of her brothers to take care;
And many household works to do,
And all things have a different air.

And she has learned quite well to read
The Holy Book that God has given,

Her father from that book has heard
That "drunkards cannot enter heaven."

"Dear father," little Bessie said,
While sitting by his bed one day,
"I'll tell you what will cure your head,
And drive those horrid shapes away.

"If you will sign the temperance pledge,
And never touch strong drink again,
They'll fly away, and with them all
Our sorrow, poverty, and pain."

FATHER.

Give me the paper, child, I'll sign,
I've caused you all enough of woe;
I'll rise and leave this wretched bed,
And to my daily work I'll go.

And now he brings his earnings home,
And places them in Bessie's hand;

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And every morn and night she comes,
And lays the Bible on the stand.

She reads a portion of God's word,
And then they kneel and pray to heaven,
That father's voice in prayer is heard,
For strength to keep the pledge he's given.

Will not each little girl and boy,
Who may this tale of Bessie read,
Try if they cannot give some joy,
And do some good as Bessie did ?

The Cousins.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

PRISCILLA lost her mother when she was very young; her father was in the East Indies, and the child was carried to the house of her aunt, Mrs. Hamilton, who loved her tenderly, because of the affection which she felt for her brother; and who brought her up with the utmost care and attention.

Her daughters Emily and Lucy did not love their cousin with an equal de-



MARTHA AND PRISCILLA IN THE GARDEN.

gree of attachment. Lucy loved her dearly, but Emily was jealous and envious, and could not bear to see the tokens of affection which were lavished upon her cousin by her mother.

Priscilla had an affectionate heart, and she often wept for hours at the idea of having offended her cousin, though she could not imagine how she had done so. In fact, it never entered her mind that any one could have taken a dislike to her, when she had done nothing to displease them; she was far from suspecting that when her aunt praised the sweetness of her temper, her lively disposition, her atten-

tion to her lessons, and progress in all her studies, her gentle manners towards the domestics, and her humanity and kindness towards others ; she never imagined, I say, that these praises could increase the dislike which her cousin had taken to her the moment she entered the house. She supposed, on the contrary, that she would endeavor to imitate her good qualities, and not seek to undervalue them.

As they grew older, Emily's dislike to her cousin increased ; and Priscilla constantly endeavored to make Emily think more kindly of her, by taking

every opportunity to oblige her. If Emily had a piece of work to do of which she was tired, Priscilla always offered to finish it for her; if she expressed a wish for flowers, Priscilla would search through the whole village, to find the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, to make a bouquet for her; but all her trouble was in vain; the pains which she took to please, seemed only to make her more odious to her cousin Emily.

One day Mrs. Hamilton returned from the city, where she had been to buy different things to send to her sister in Scotland. Among these pur-

chases, a very beautiful work-box, which she intended to send her, was shown to the young ladies, and greatly admired by all three of them. It was very delicately made, and after they had sufficiently examined the workmanship, Mrs. Hamilton placed it upon a little table, and gave strict orders that no person should touch it; but, on returning in the evening from the house of one of her friends, with whom she had dined, and thinking that curiosity might well induce one of the servants to open it, she took it, with the paper which was around it, just as it

was upon the table, and shut it up in the library.

The next day she was very busy putting up the articles she had bought for her sister; and as she was about to put cotton in the work-box, to prevent the little winders and other articles from rubbing against each other, she was much astonished to find that the material which covered the box was green, instead of pale crimson, and that the different parts of which it was composed, were entirely unlike those of the box she had bought the evening before.

Lucy declared it was not the same

box her mamma had shown her; Emily was of the same opinion, but Priscilla reddened and said not a word.

“Some one has broken my box, and has replaced it by one not nearly so pretty,” said Mrs. Hamilton in great anger. “I expressly commanded every one of you not to touch it, and I will know who has done this mischief!”

“I fear,” said Emily, pretending to be much impressed with the confusion of her cousin, “that it can be no one but Priscilla, who has had the misfortune to break it; and indeed, mamma, if you will take the trouble to see how she blushes, and that she cannot say

one word in her own defence, you will no longer doubt her guilt."

Priscilla, in the most sincere and earnest tone, assured her aunt that she had not touched the box since she showed it to her the evening before. Emily said the same for herself, and assured her mother that she had not entered the room from the time she went out till she returned.

Mrs. Hamilton being determined to know the truth, asked each of the young ladies what she had done with the guinea which she received on New Year's day, adding that the box cost that sum of money, and that they

could not have replaced it without paying the same.

"Here is mine in my little work-bag," hastily cried Emily.

"You know, my dear mamma," said Lucy, "that half of mine has been used in buying gold leaf and drawing-paper, and here's the other half in my purse."

"Where is your guinea, Priscilla?" asked Mrs. Hamilton. "What can be the reason that, instead of showing the same haste which your cousins have done, to justify yourself, you only redden, and hang your head, and say not a single word?"

"I cannot show my guinea," replied

Priscilla, "but believe me, dear aunt, when I declare to you that I have never touched your box."

Emily, who had her reasons for wishing that they should not talk any longer about this matter, though not for any kindness to her cousin, begged her mamma not to endeavor to discover anything farther as to the box, for it only distressed the *poor child*, and made her tell falsehoods; but old Martha, the house-keeper, who had been all this time pulling the strings of her apron, or rolling them between her fingers, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes towards heaven, and

making other gestures, which showed her impatience, could no longer contain her indignation, but asked Emily in a loud tone of voice, how she had the boldness to look her mother in the face, and tell her so many falsehoods, when she ought to know that she was at the same time guilty, not only of a shameful imposture, in accusing an innocent person of the fault which she had herself committed, but also of cruel ingratitude for a service which certainly merited the greatest praise, and for which she knew very well she was indebted to the generosity and kindness of her cousin ?

She then informed her mistress that, as she was walking with Priscilla around the garden, about half an hour after she left the house, that they approached a window of the parlor, which was open, and there they saw the beautiful work-box broken in many pieces, upon the floor, and Emily, with her back towards them, busy in gathering them up; that Emily had begged her, in a low voice, to say nothing about it, and that, as they continued to ramble, they saw Emily go and throw the pieces into the fish-pond, at the end of the garden, and afterwards run up stairs as quickly as possible.

“Dear Miss Priscilla,” continued the old housekeeper, “begged me to do her a kindness, for which she would be grateful all her life, and that was, to go to the city, to the shop where you purchased the work-box, and to buy one with her guinea exactly like it; and I did it to oblige her, and because I have never been able to refuse her anything she asked of me, although I must acknowledge that Miss Emily did not deserve such kindness. This is, in fact, but one of a hundred falsehoods which she has told about Priscilla, and of the unkind actions with which she has returned her kindness, who has left

nothing undone to oblige her and to hide her faults.

“I thought that the box I bought was so exactly like yours, madam, that you would never know what had happened. Miss Priscilla was delighted that we had spared you the vexation of seeing that the box had been broken, and her cousin the anger which she would have incurred for disobeying your orders. We have, however, failed in our expectation. But Miss Emily must have understood, when her cousin could not show her guinea, the use which she had made of it, and this is the reason why she wished you to dis-

miss the subject, for she well knew that unless you did so, her falsehood and deceit would be clearly shown to you."

It is almost useless to add, that Emily entirely lost the confidence of her mother. Priscilla from that time lived very happily, and was tenderly loved by Mrs. Hamilton, and by her dear cousin Lucy. Old Martha doted on her, and took great pains to tell her friends and acquaintances the story of the work-box, which did so much honor to her dear Priscilla, and caused such deep mortification to Emily.





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